

HODDER DARGAUD PRESENTS

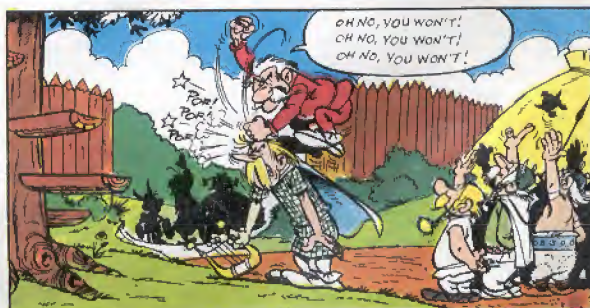
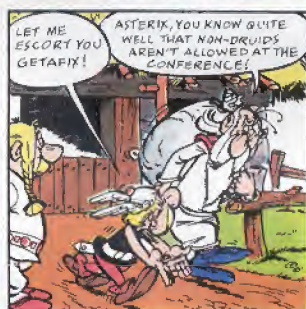


TEXT: GOSCINNY
DRAWINGS: UDERZO

Asterix

AND THE GOTHS





FAR AWAY, ON THE EASTERN FRONTIER OF GAIL, TWO LEGIONARIES ARE ON GUARD DUTY...



When I count three!



HOLD IT! I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMEONE SPEAKING GOTHIC OVER THERE!



YOU'RE IMAGINING THINGS, ARTERIOCLEROSIS!

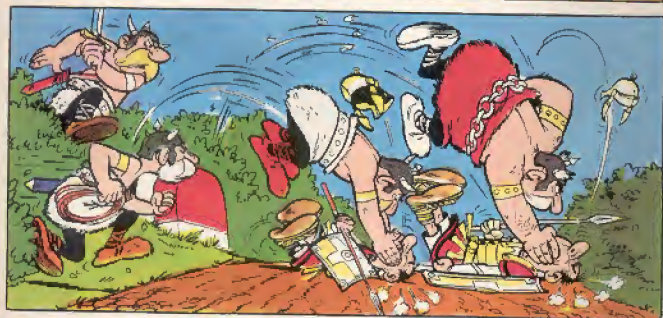
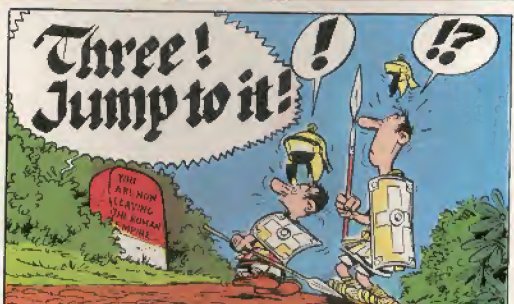
BUT GASTROENTERITIS, I COULD HAVE SWORN...!



THE BARBARIAN VISIGOTHS, OSTROGOTHS, OR ANY OTHER GOTHS WOULD NEVER DARE TO SULLY ROMAN TERRITORY WITH THEIR DIRTY FEET, BY JUPITER!



Three! Jump to it!



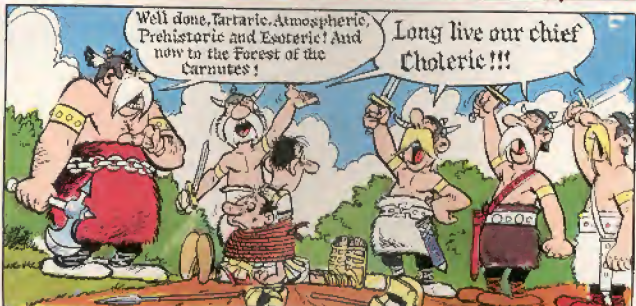
WHAT DID I JUST SAY?

ERRARE HUMANUM EST...



Well done, Tartaric. Atmospheric. Prehistoric and Esoteric! And now to the Forest of the Carnutes!

Long live our chief Cholerie!!!



WHILE THESE SERIOUS FRONTIER INCIDENTS ARE TAKING PLACE, OUR FRIENDS ARE ON THEIR WAY TO THE FOREST OF THE CARNUTES...



WELL SOON BE THERE. YOU SEE, IT WAS QUITE AN UNEVENTFUL JOURNEY!

BETTER SAFE THAN SORRY... I'M A BIT PECKISH...



OH! WHAT A PLEASANT SURPRISE!

A WILD BOAR?!



COME ALONG, VALUADDETAX! I'M GOING TO AMAZE YOU WITH MY DRUIDICAL PROWESS!

WAIT TILL YOU SEE MINE, OLD BOY!



**HALT!
WHO GOES THERE?**



A ROMAN PATROL!

SHALL WE GET THEM?

NO, NO, OBELIX. WHILE THE CONFERENCE IS ON THERE'S A TRUCE WITH THE ROMANS.

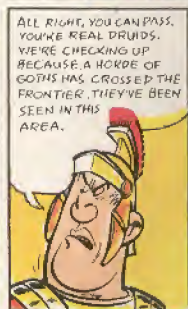


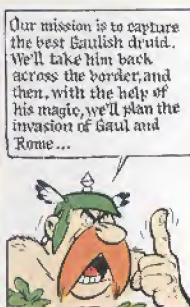
LET US PASS, DECURION. WE ARE DRUIDS GOING TO THE FOREST OF THE CARNUTES.



THAT'S YOUR STORY, JUST PROVE IT!







THE FOREST OF THE CARNUTES IS SWARMING WITH DRUIDS IN MERRY MOOD, ALL DELIGHTED TO SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN...



EVERY OAK TREE IS FULL OF DRUIDS HARD AT WORK CUTTING MISTLETOE WITH THEIR SICKLES...



THEY TALK SHOP, THEY DISCUSS SPELLS...

YES, MY DEAR FELLOW, I PICKED UP THIS SICKLE IN A LITTLE SHOP IN DARIORIGUM. LOOK, IT'S GOT A SAFETY-CATCH.

SO THEN, OLD MAN, HEY PRESTO! I TURNED HIM INTO A MENHIR!



THEY EVEN INDULGE IN JOKEES AND PUNS... IN SHORT, THEY ARE HAVING A GOOD TIME.



THIS FOOD'S A BIT SICKLE-Y!

PASS ME THE CELT!

IT MUST BE HIS GAUL BLADDER!

MENHIR A TRUE WORD IS SPOKEN IN JEST!

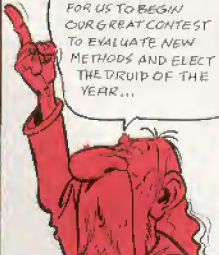
THEN, AFTER THE GREAT BANQUET...



SILENCE, BROTHERS, SILENCE!

CLANG! CLANG!

BROTHER DRUIDS, THE TIME HAS COME FOR US TO BEGIN OUR GREAT CONTEST TO EVALUATE NEW METHODS AND ELECT THE DRUID OF THE YEAR...



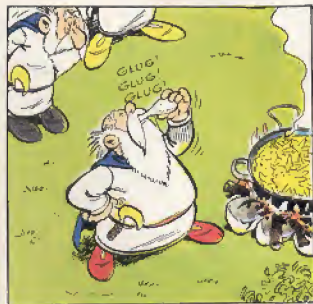
AND WHILE THE DRUIDS PREPARE THEIR MAGIC POTIONS...

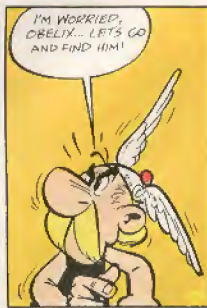
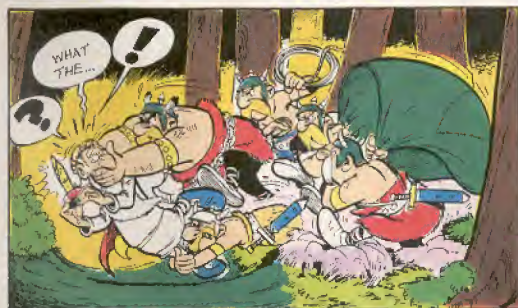


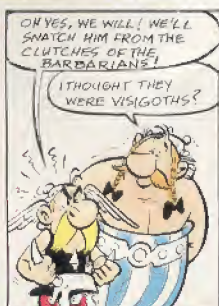
...GREEDY EYES ARE WATCHING THEM...



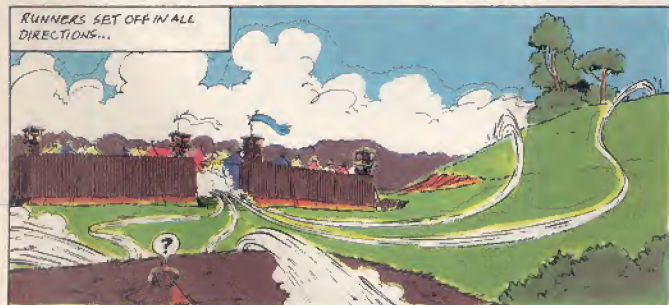
Now comes the interesting part!

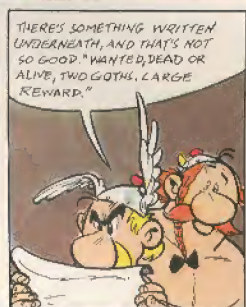
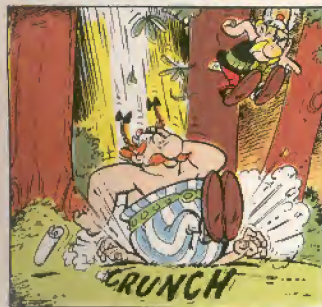


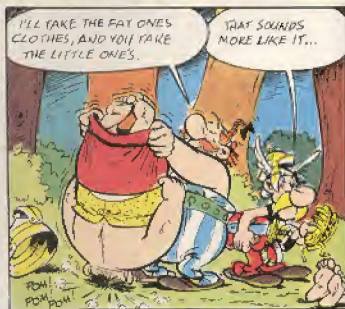
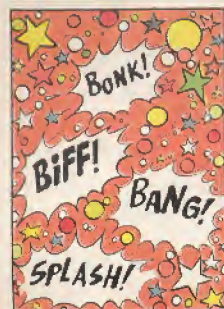
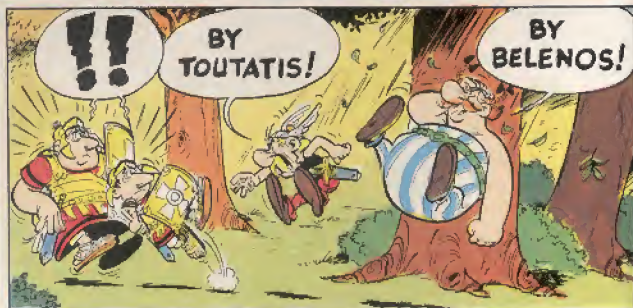




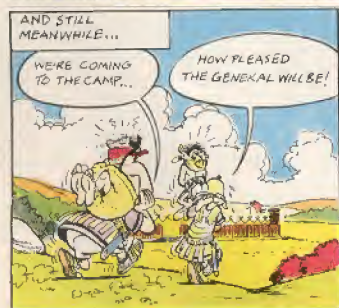
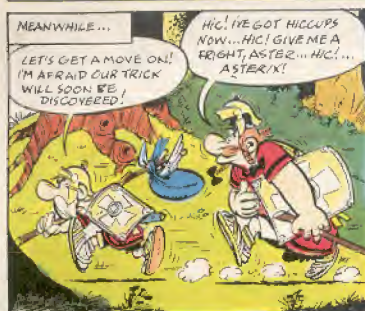
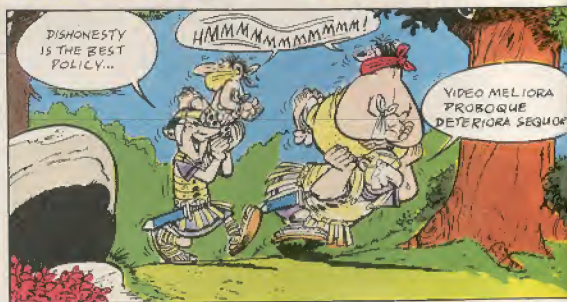


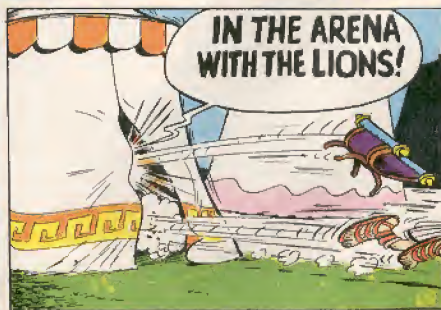
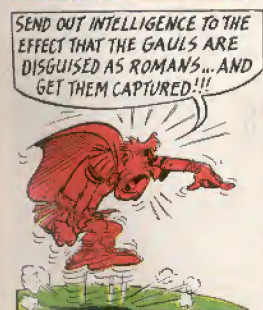
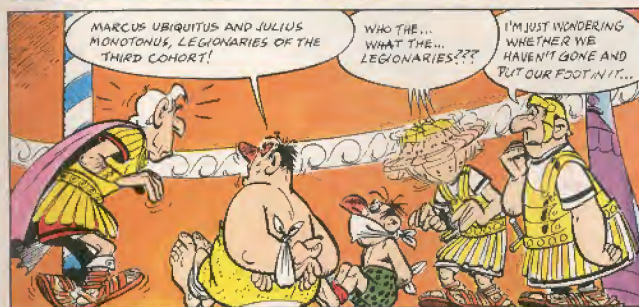




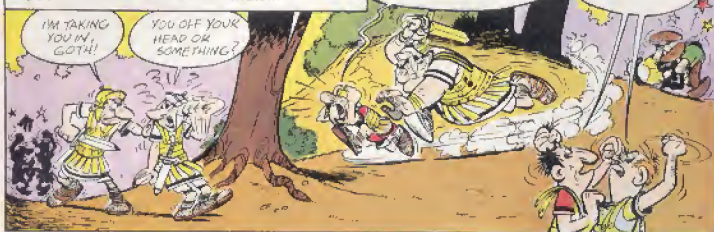








AS SOON AS THE ROMANS KNOW THAT THE GOTHs THEY ARE LOOKING FOR ARE DISGUISED AS ROMANS, THERE IS COMPLETE CHAOS... THE ROMANS GO ABOUT CAPTURING ONE ANOTHER...



THE UNHAPPY GENERAL CANTANKERUS IS NEARLY OUT OF HIS MIND...



BUT SOME PEOPLE ARE MAKING THE MOST OF THE SITUATION. FOR INSTANCE, ANIBAL AND OPELIN, WHO HAVE PUT THEIR OWN CLOTHES ON AGAIN.

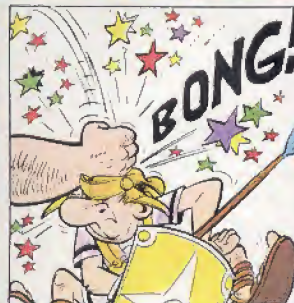


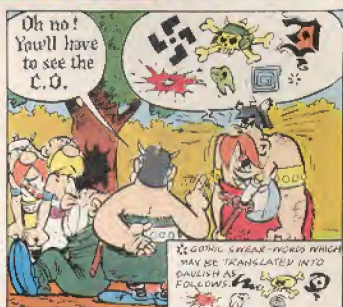
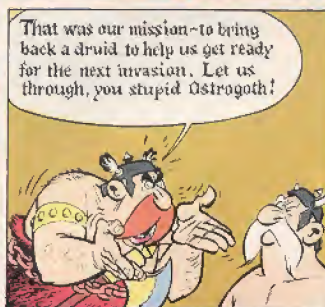
...AND THE GOTHs, THE ROOT OF ALL THE TROUBLE, WHO ARE PROCEEDING UNEVENTFULLY TOWARDS THEIR OWN COUNTRY OF GERMANIA.

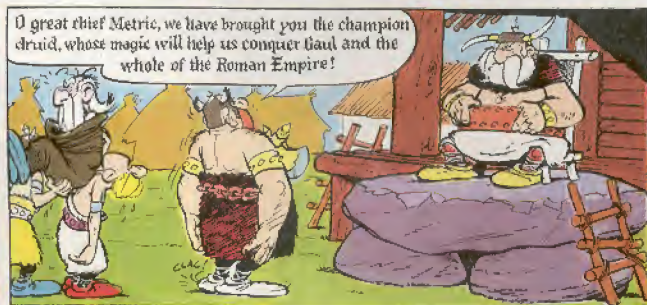
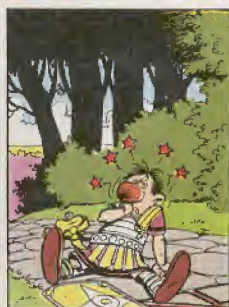
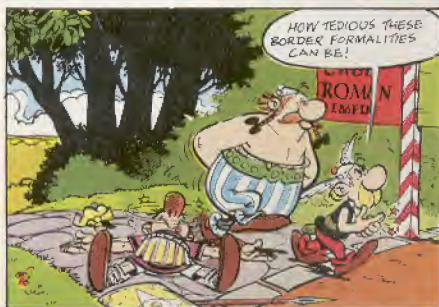
Watch out! The frontier's ahead. We've got to cross it!

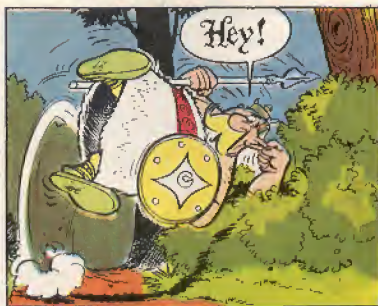
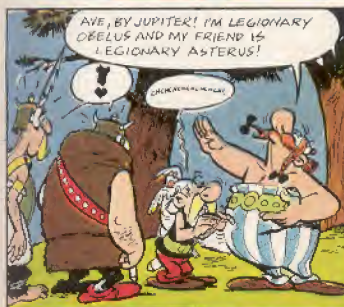


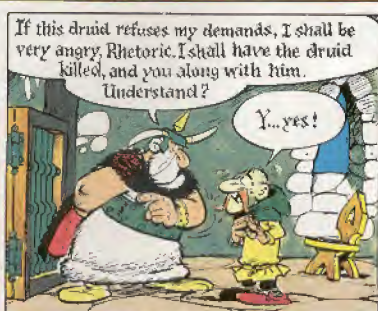
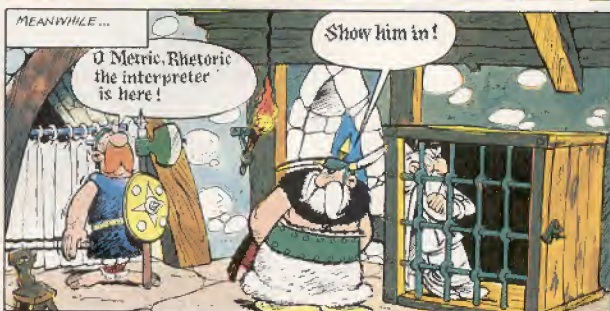
A HEAVY RESPONSIBILITY WEIGHS ON THOSE WHO GUARD THE FRONTIER AGAINST FOREIGN INVADERS...

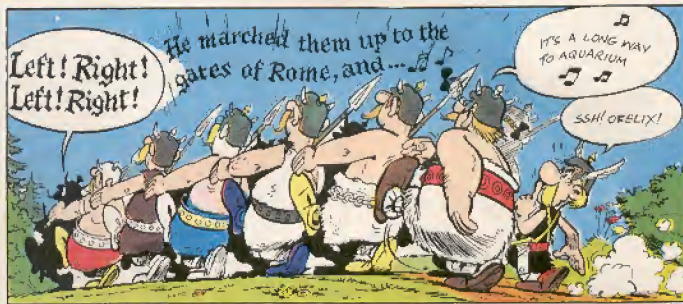
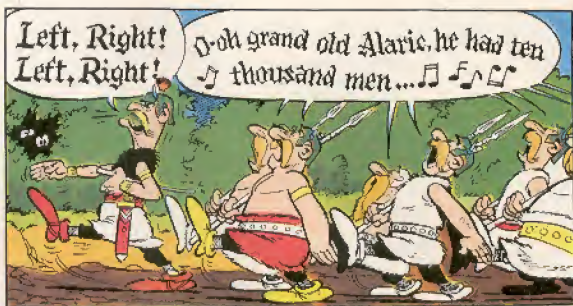


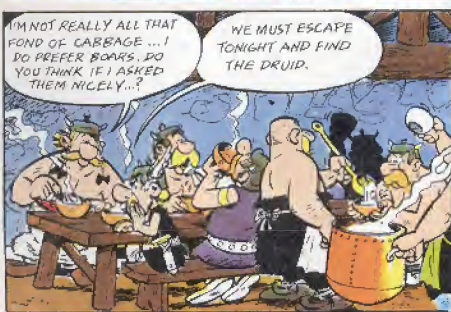
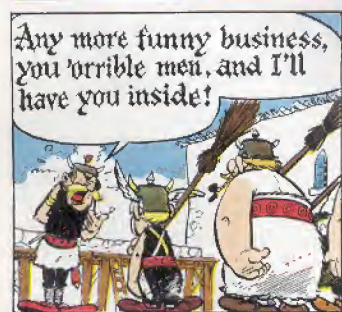




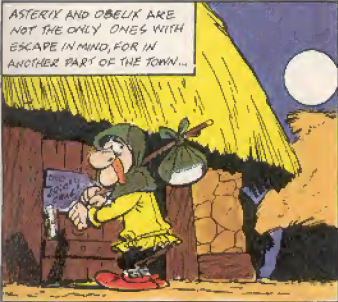




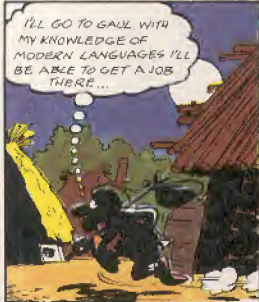




ASTERIX AND OBELIX ARE NOT THE ONLY ONES WITH ESCAPE IN MIND, FOR IN ANOTHER PART OF THE TOWN...



I'LL GO TO GAUL WITH MY KNOWLEDGE OF MODERN LANGUAGES I'LL BE ABLE TO GET A JOB THERE...



Halt! Who goes there?

THE PATROL!



Well, if it isn't Rhetoric the interpreter! And where might you be off to at this time of night?

Well, I... er... the fact is... well, it was like this, you see...



No, I don't! It's the guardroom for you! You can explain yourself tomorrow!

No, No! You're making a big mistake! I've got friends in high places!!!



I'M DONE FOR! THE CHIEF WILL NEVER FORGIVE ME FOR DECEIVING HIM ABOUT WHAT THAT BIG-HEADED DRUID SAID...



MEANWHILE...

GOT IT? NO FIGHTING, AND NO TALKING TO ANY GOYS.

RIGHT!



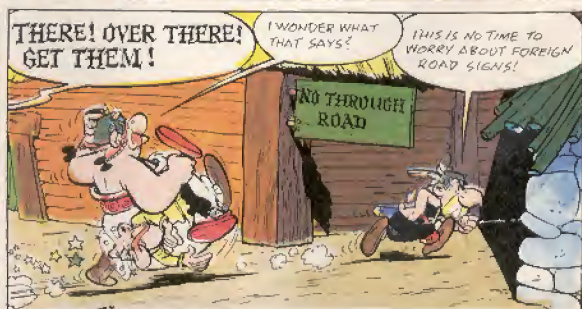
EEK! THAT'S TORN IT!

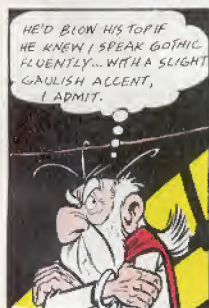
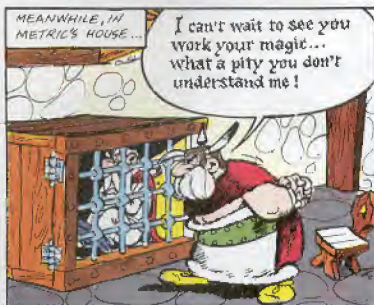
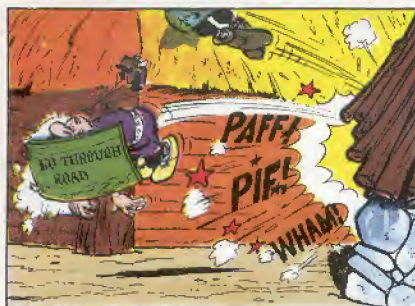
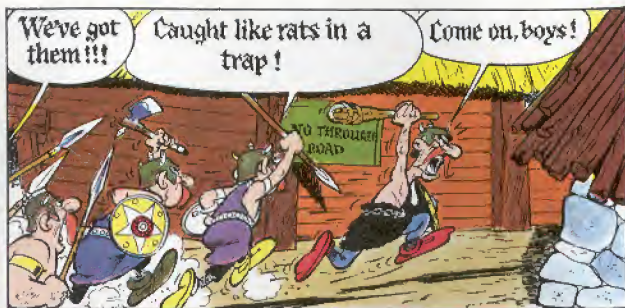


Hullo, hullo, hullo! Who have we here? You're for the guardroom too!









These two Gaulish spies will be executed! Rhetoric, ask the druid if he's still willing to show us his magic!



MY DEAR FRIENDS! WHAT RASHNESS... PUTTING YOUR HEADS INTO THE LION'S JAWS!

TOO SAD FOR THE LION!

OH, DO SAY YOU'LL SHOW HIM YOUR MAGIC, DRUID! I'LL COVER YOU WITH GOLD!

IT LOOKS LIKE IT, DOESN'T IT?



He...he still says yes...

Excellent!



O Gothic chief, your interpreter is deceiving you !!!



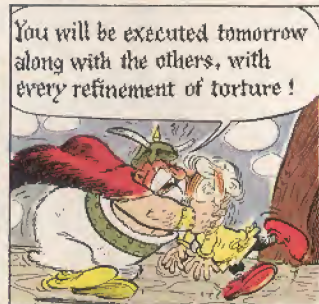
I never had any intention of showing you my magic!



HE SPEAKS GOTHIC!
HE SPEAKS GOTHIC!



You will be executed tomorrow along with the others, with every refinement of torture !



TO THE DUNGEONS!
ALL OF THEM!

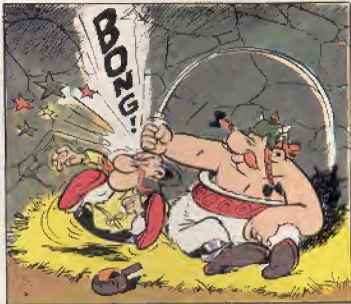


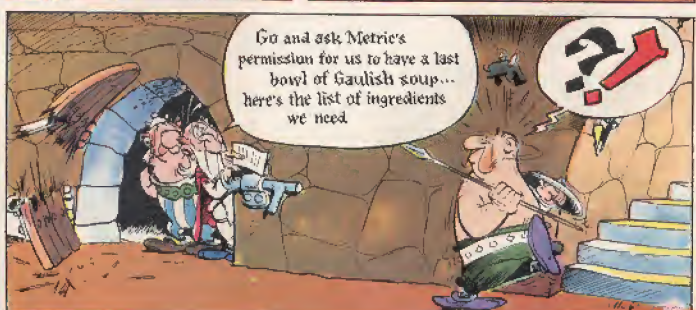
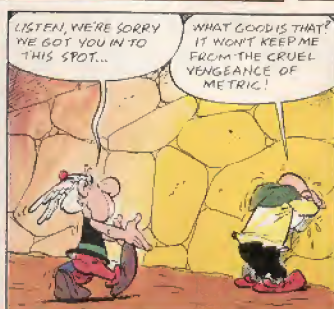
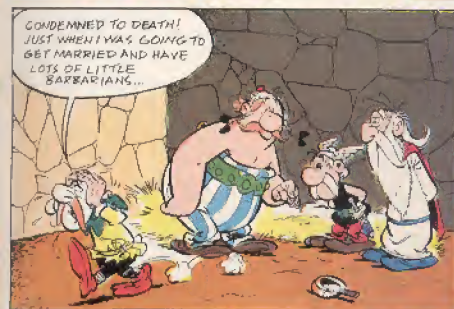
SOON
AFTERWARDS...



ROOHHHOO! YOU REASTLY HORRID GAULS! I'M GOING TO BE FLAYED, IMPALED, KUNG, DEANNED AND QUARTERED, ALL BECAUSE OF YOU! ME, WITH MY DELICATE CONSTITUTION! WHY, EVEN DAMP WEATHER AND TOASTED CHEESE MAKE ME FEEL ILL.







METRIC IS LISTENING TO THE PROGRAMME FOR THE NEXT DAY'S FESTIVITIES, AS SUGGESTED BY HIS ENTERTAINMENTS MANAGER

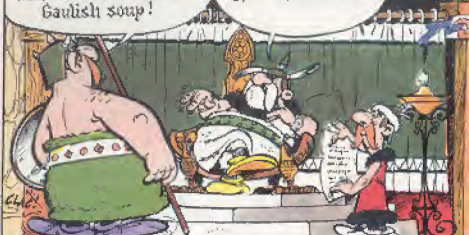
Now suppose we start by having them torn apart by wild horses...

Hmm... not very original, but the audience likes it. It always gets a laugh...



O Metric, the prisoners' last dying wish is to make and drink some Gaulish soup!

Granted! We want them to be on top form tomorrow!



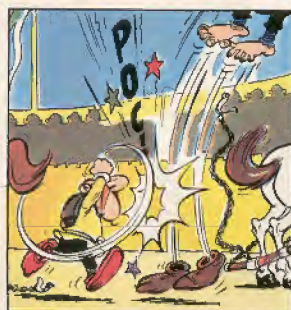
1000
AFTERWARDS...

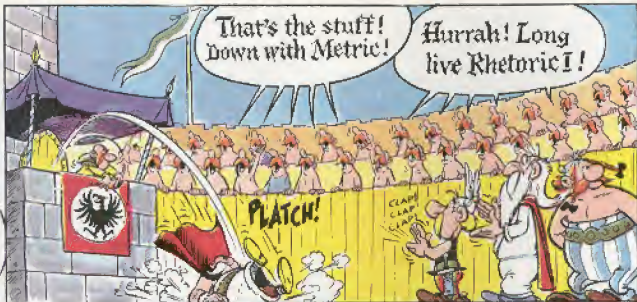
I think it's all here







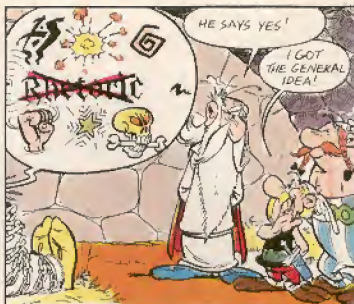




ASTERIX, GÉTAUX AND OBÉLIX MAKE THEIR WAY BACK TO THE DUNGEON FOR A WORD WITH METRIC...

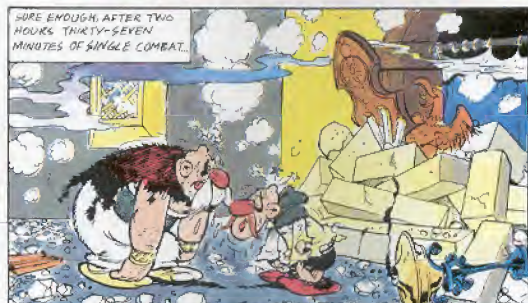
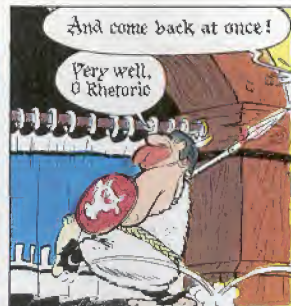
Metric, would you like to get your revenge on Rhetoric and return to power?

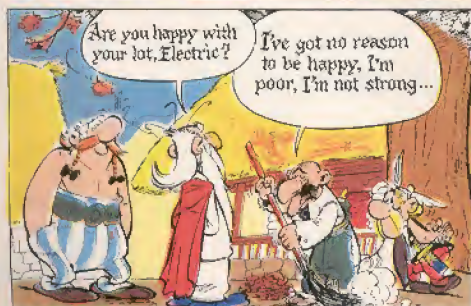
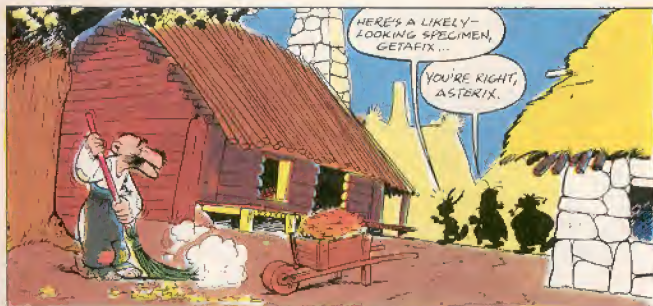
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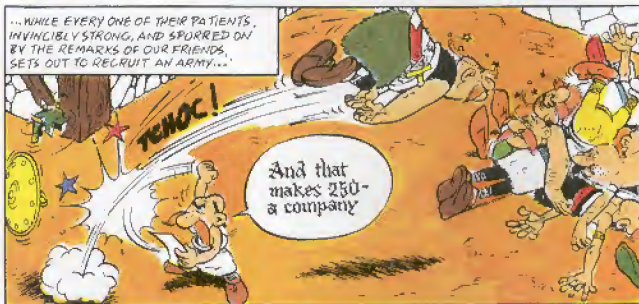
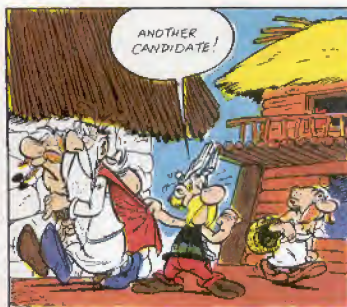


Have a swig of this magic potion... then you'll be as strong as Rhetoric. The way you use your strength is up to you...









THE ASTERIXIAN WARS A Tangled Web . . .

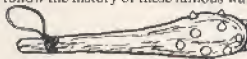


Metric



Rhetoric

The ruse employed by Asterix, Getafix and Obelix succeeded beyond their wildest dreams. After drinking the druid's magic potion, the Goths fought each other tooth and nail. Here is a brief summary to help you follow the history of these famous wars.



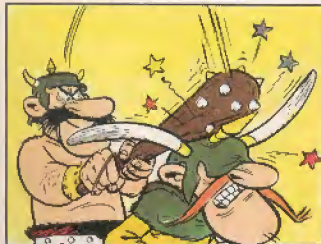
The favourite and devastating weapon of the combatants.



Diagram indicating the course of events.



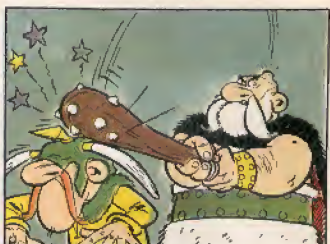
The first victory is won outright by Rhetoric, who, having surprised Metric by an outflanking movement, lets him have it - bonk! - and inflicts a crushing defeat on him. This defeat, however, is only temporary . . .



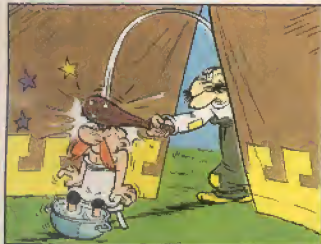
Rhetoric has no time to celebrate his victory, for, having completed his outflanking movement, he is taken in the rear by his own ally, Lyric. Lyric instantly proclaims himself supreme chief of all the Goths, much to the amusement of the other chiefs . . .



Who turn out to be right, for Lyric's brother-in-law Sauric lays an ambush for him, pretending to invite him to a family reunion and Lyric falls into the trap. It was upon this occasion that the proposition that blood is thicker than water was first put to the test . . .



Rhetoric goes after Lyric, with the avowed intention of "bathing him up" (archaic), but his rearguard is surprised by Metric's vanguard. Bonk! This manoeuvre is known as the Metric System.



General Electric manages to surprise Euphoric meditating on the conduct of his next few campaigns. Euphoric's morale is distinctly lowered, but he has the last word, with his famous remark, "I'll short-circuit him yet!"



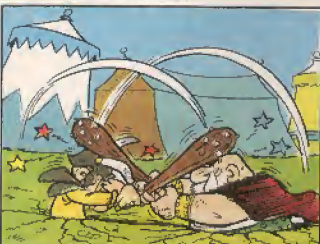
While Electric proclaims himself supreme chief of the Goths, to the amusement of all and sundry, it is the turn of Metric's rearguard to be surprised by Rhetoric's vanguard. Bonk! "This is bad for my system," is the comment of the exasperated Metric.



In fact, it is so bad for his system that he allows himself to be surprised by Euphoric. The battle is short and sharp. Euphoric, a wily politician, instantly proclaims himself supreme chief of the Goths. The other supreme chiefs are in fits . . .



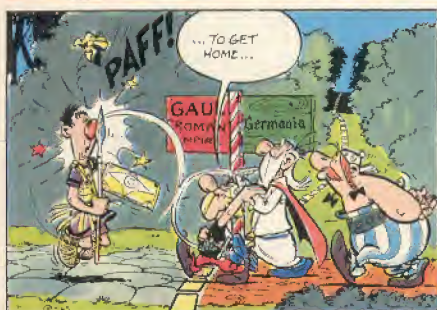
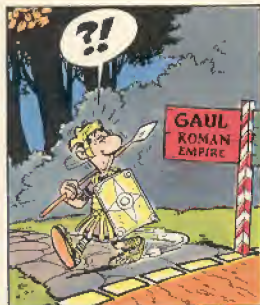
Euphoric, much annoyed, sets up camp and decides to sulk. He is surprised by Eccentric, who in his turn is attacked by Lyric, subsequently to be defeated by Electric. Electric is destined to be betrayed by Sauric, who will be beaten by Rhetoric.



Going round a corner, Rhetoric's vanguard bumps into Metric's vanguard. Bonk! Bonk! This battle is famous in the Asterixian wars as the "Battle of the Two Losers" And so the war goes on . . .



MEANWHILE, OUR THREE FRIENDS ARE APPROACHING THE FRONTIER OF GAUL WITH THEIR MINDS AT REST . . .





AND LATE INTO THE NIGHT THERE IS FEASTING, LAUGHING AND DRINKING, AS OUR FRIENDS EAT, BOAR AND TELL THE WHOLE STORY OF THEIR ADVENTURES. SINCE YOU KNOW IT ALREADY, WE THINK THE TIME HAS COME FOR US TO LEAVE YOU... BUT NOT FOR LONG!

AND THEN - TEEHEEHEE! - THEN ASTERIX SAID - HA HA! - HE'S... HO, HOHO!... HE'S GOT A FREE HAND NOW! HO! HO! HO!

SOMEONE GIVE HIM ANOTHER ROAR, OR HE'LL START TELLING US ALL OVER AGAIN!



THE END